The Liberalist

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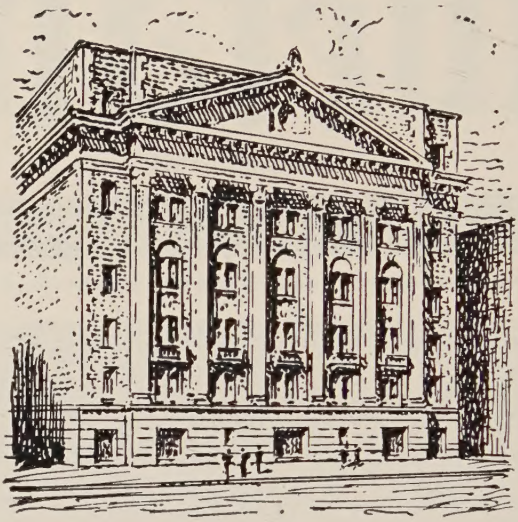
SEPTEMBER DAYS

A hush lies deep on browning hill and plain,
The goldenrod are flares beside the way,
And in the stubbled field, the rabbits play
Unhindered through the weathered shocks of grain.

The thinning aspen, golden in the sun,
And dry, brown oak leaves, blown along the road,
Are now transmitting nature's color code—
One season ending and one just begun.



THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

Lawrence Ave. at Sheridan Road

This Church was founded July 7, 1912, as a liberal independent church. It united with the American Unitarian Association, Western Unitarian Conference and National Federation of Religious Liberals in 1923. Property purchased for new building 1924. Ground broken June 14, 1925. Corner stone laid November 15, 1925. Church dedicated October 10, 1926. Preston Bradley has been the Pastor from the beginning of the Church.

Declaration of Principles

"The purpose of the church is to deal in plain terms with the supreme things in human life as measured by the rational conclusions of science and history. It seeks to promote a conception of nature, history and the meaning of life in accordance with the facts of experience and with the progress of growing knowledge. It is essentially religious, not in the traditional but in the scientific and ethical sense of the word. It regards religion as spiritual energy directing itself toward the enrichment of the individual life and the perfection of the social order. This church assumes the right of every one to think his or her own thoughts, and expects the greatest progress to follow from entire intellectual liberty and perfect freedom of judgment. It welcomes to its membership all who wish to co-operate in making a world which shall be enlightened by knowledge, guided by reason and animated by good-will."

Dr. Bradley's Books

"HAPPINESS THROUGH CREATIVE LIVING"
"NEW WEALTH FOR YOU"—$1.00
"MEDITATIONS" and "MY DAILY STRENGTH"

Other Books by Dr. Bradley

"Mastering Fear" "Courage For Today" "Life and You"
"Power From Right Thinking"

ALONG THE WAY

By DR. PRESTON BRADLEY

11 July

WAS up this morning at 4:00 a.m. I wanted to catch the first glimpse of the coast of France! I could soon make out the coast, rising out of the sea with almost mystical beauty. It didn't seem real. Even though it has been many years since I first saw the coast of Donegal, there is always an indescribable feeling when, at the end of an Atlantic crossing one sees on the horizon the coast of a foreign land. Emotions are created which are never experienced before. I could not help thinking as we steamed along the coast on our way to the harbor at Cherbourg, of the thousands of American soldiers in two world wars who had come along this coast—most of them away from home for the first time and many of them never going back. The beachheads of Normandy are not far away!

The morning gave us perfect weather. No sea, no fog, and warming sunshine. As we neared the harbor we passed many small fishing boats. What a majestic sight this great ship—the "Queen Mary"—must be from a small boat! She is almost overwhelming in impressiveness when you look at her at a pier, but this impression must be increased an hundredfold when you see her beauty from a small boat and from almost the waterline. I should like to see this ship under full headway in mid-Atlantic. I think I would get a true impression of her greatness and dignity.

Before we entered the harbor the little pilot boat came alongside, bringing us our French pilot. He was a picturesque figure as he climbed up the ship's ladder, flung over the side. He wore no uniform but was dressed in a seaman's work clothes. Covering his head and worn at the proper angle (which few Americans are able to achieve) was the typical French beret. I see many American men and young men in Europe effecting berets, but I have never yet seen one worn with just the angle which the European always seems to get. Americans and berets just don't seem to belong to each other.

The "Queen Mary" did not go alongside the pier in Cherbourg, although I have been a passenger on the "Queen Elizabeth" when she did. Perhaps it was to save time and expense, as no tugs were needed. We were soon aboard the tender bound for the pier. As I stood on the deck and looked up at the "Queen Mary" when we steamed away from her side my affection for the great ship increased. Such majesty! Such beauty!

The landing at Cherbourg was simple and easy. I left my baggage in my room on the ship and did not see it again until it was in the compartment of the Paris train. The French immigration and customs officials met us in the train. It was all handled most conveniently and easily.

Travelling in the same compartment was a family from Wauconda, Wisconsin. The trip was a graduating present to a lovely daughter who was graduated from high school in June. She had studied French in high school and it was interesting and not a little amusing to hear her read the luncheon menu to her father and mother. They sat opposite me for luncheon. The daughter beamed with pardonable pride that she was able to order the luncheon for her family in the language of the country. The father and mother both registered an understandable satisfaction that their daughter had received so much

from her high school education. They were proud of her and I didn't blame them! As we entered the City of Paris I caught a glimpse of the Eiffel Tower through the compartment window. I called the daughter's attention to it. As she saw the tower in the distance she became almost hysterical. She clapped her hands, she shrieked, she gesticulated. The whole car heard and saw her. "Look!" she shouted. "The Eiffel Tower—Paris!" Later on I called her attention to what I think is one of the most impressive sights in Paris—Sacre Coeur. The enthusiasm know no end. She was about to see the sights of the city about which she had heard and studied during the years. Her excitement was a joy to behold and I envied her a little. I never saw this family again after leaving the train in Paris, but I know one young American high school graduate who will return home tired, emotionally exhausted, but with great appreciation for her family, her school and her native land. I should like to be her unseen listener when she tells the "kids back home" about Paris!

Arrived in Paris at the St. Lazarre in late afternoon. Had dinner at a little restaurant—the Capucinnes—not far from the Hotel de Paris, which will be our home for two days.

12 July

This may seem quite heretical to some of my readers, but Paris is not one of my favorite cities and every time I come I like it less. My main reason in stopping here on my way to Switzerland was to see Pastor Marcel who has a church in Paris very much like our Peoples Church. He is carrying on the work started by Pastor Charles Wagner. You may recall Pastor Wagner wrote a book called *The Simple Life.* President Theodore Roosevelt read the book and brought it to the attention of the American people in several of his vital addresses. Soon the entire nation was talking about Pastor Wagner and *The Simple Life.* This was many years ago. Pastor Wagner's church was the center of interest in liberal religion in a predominantly Roman Catholic city. The present pastor, Mr. Marcel, is a theologian, a scholar, an orator and a great influence in Continental liberalism. I met him in Amsterdam at the International Congress of Liberal Religion and again at another meeting of the Congress in Oxford. He is to be at Belfast this month, where I hope to renew our friendship. I have never visited his church in Paris. I thought I would do so today. But Pastor Marcel was not in Paris and I abandoned the hope of seeing him surrounded by his work. Instead, today we revisited most of the historic spots and centers of interest.

Dr. Donald has never been abroad before and so for two days I became a guide. I found it interesting to go back to familiar scenes and places and see them again with the enthusiasm of seeing them for the first time because I was with someone who was seeing them for the first time. These shrines of culture, art and history always reveal something new. No matter how many times one visits them there are new impressions born. We visited the Sorbonne, the famous Mohammedan Mosque (which so many Americans miss), the Louvre, the Pantheon (where Victor Hugo and Voltaire are buried), Notre Dame, Napoleon's Tomb (the most impressive tomb in the world).

For me the most solemn and impressive sight in Paris is the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier under the Arc de Triomphe. Here burns the Perpetual Light. To stand at this flickering bluish light as the shadows of evening gather is an emotional experience long to be cherished. All around you is Paris; the wide boulevards branching off from

the Arc de Triomphe like spokes from the hub of a wheel; the heavy traffic, with its ceaseless hum all around you, but there at your feet rests an unknown French soldier, known only to God! Every evening various organizations visit the tomb and place wreaths of flowers. Day and night, ever since that far-off day when his body was brought to the arch, a trembling light of subdued tints responds to the breezes but never goes out! Little could that unknown soldier of the First World War dream of what would happen to the world he knew in the years yet ahead.

We had a good and most reasonable-in-cost dinner tonight in the Cafe Mere de Catherine. Dining at the next table were two couples from Chicago, who greeted me and said they often attended our church. The restaurant is out-of-doors, and as the evening was most pleasant it was an enjoyable experience. The tables had red-checkered table cloths and were lighted by attractive lanterns. Strolling violinists furnished music, singers and entertainers wandered around, the food was delicious and the atmosphere typically Parisian. The restaurant is located on the highest point in Paris—only a few steps from the great church of Sacre Cœur. After dining we stood on the steps of the church, looking down on the glimmering lights of a city which has observed its 1000th Anniversary.

13 July

It's a long ride from Paris to Chur, Switzerland, but an interesting one. We left Paris at 8:00 this morning and arrived in Chur about 9:45 tonight. Instead of going up the mountain road to Churwalden, where the Albert Schweitzer College is located, we decided to stay in Chur all night, in a very comfortable hotel directly across the street from the station. These Swiss hotels are matchless. Food, cleanliness and hospitality are far superior to any similar places in all of Europe.

14 July

It was a wise decision to remain in Chur last night, for to take the trip from Chur to Churwalden in the dark would be a tragedy. We had a perfect day, the scenery all of the way superb and overwhelming: mountains, rugged and snow-capped, valleys deep and meandering, the coloring of such an exquisite blending as to defy words—all breathless and exhilarating. Had a warm welcome at the Albert Schweitzer College, where we arrived about 10:30 this morning. We were greeted by David E. Clarke, B.A. (Cambridge), who has been with the College from its beginning.

The College is presenting four courses this summer. The first course, which is being given during our visit, had the theme "Christianity and the World Religions in Relation to the Religious Philosophy of Dr. Albert Schweitzer." The lecturers are Prof. Dr. F. Heiler, Marburg University, Germany, Miss K. Shanthi Rangarao, M.A., of India and the Rev. Ed. A. Cahill, of Charlotte, North Carolina.

The next course, from the 22nd of July to the 4th of August is on "Social Betterment, Planning and the Growth of Democracy." The lecturers will be Sig. Serafini, Movimento Comunita, Ivrea, Italy, Prof. Dr. Karl W. Deutsch, M. I. T., Cambridge, Mass. and Mr. Max Lock, A.R.I.B.A., M.T.P.T., London.

The third course is on "Ethics and Psychotherapy," and the lecturers are Rev. H. Stewart Carter, M. A., Cambridge, England, Dr. H. Beresford Davies, Cambridge, and Rev. Dr. J. G. Amstutz, Bern, Switzerland.

The final summer course is a continuation of the theme "Ethics and Psychotherapy," with Rev. Dr. J. Wolff, of Malix, Switzerland and Dr.

D. Abels, of Hamburg, Germany.

English, French and German are the languages used. The lectures are available in these three languages. For my lecture, delivered this afternoon, Mr. Clarke was the interpreter and I was told by those who understood both German and English that he did a most unusual performance of melting my ideas from English into German.

I was delighted to see the growth and the changes which have come to the college since my visit last year. There has been considerable work done on the interior. There is much work ahead but the college is growing and the physical equipment is being improved as finances permit. The opportunity for purchasing another building adjacent to the present structure has arisen. Unfortunately, the founder and president of the college, Prof. H. Casparis and his family are not at present in Switzerland and I did not see them this year. This was a great disappointment for I have known Dr. Casparis since his student days at the Meadville Theological School at the University of Chicago.

The college is one of the most unique educational institutions in the world. The spiritual and religious values underlying our civilization will not remain alive automatically, and we must concern ourselves much more in every way to maintain them in existence. Dr. Schweitzer saw this danger more than 30 years ago and gave us the warning in his "Collapse and Rebuilding of Civilizations."

Prof. H. Casparis, of Chur, and a group of Swiss men and women recognized this danger and formed an association in 1950 to set up an International Education Center. When Dr. Schweitzer was informed of this purpose, and after carefully going into the plan, he gave it his approval and permitted the college to carry his honored name. The institution has had his personal interest ever since.

Fortunately I was able to hear the lecture of Miss Rangarao, a high-caste Indian woman. She is a most unusual and impressive personality. Faultless English and a spiritual sensitivity were revealed in every idea she presented. She has been a principal of a celebrated girl's school and has been identified with educational activities in India and England. I had a long conversation with her at lunch time and tried to persuade her to consider a lecture tour in the United States—a country she has never visited. She would make a profound impression at home, and a much needed one.

I had the honor of delivering my address before the entire student body this afternoon in the college lecture hall. It was a thrilling experience for me. I had to stop every few minutes for Mr. Clarke to translate into German. As is the custom after each lecture the students have the opportunity of expressing their reactions and voicing their comments. I like this. I sometimes think we would have better sermons and lectures if the audience could "talk back." We dined with the students and the faculty at noon. This again is good. I met many interesting people and friendships were formed which will deepen with the years I am certain. They came from all over Europe and several from the United States.

Rev. Ed. Cahill, of Charlotte, N. C., David Clarke, of the College, the Rev. Dr. Wolff, of Malix, Switzerland and Dr. Donald of Milwaukee, Wis., and myself all gathered at a typical Swiss village coffee shop for afternoon coffee before we left for Chur. I was delighted to renew my friendship with Dr. Wolff. He is one of Switzerland's best known liberal preachers. He fled Germany

(*Continued on page* 11)

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT

OPENING SUNDAY IN THE PEOPLES CHURCH
LAWRENCE AT SHERIDAN
1955-1956 SEASON

Sunday, September 18, 1955

44th YEAR OF
DR. PRESTON BRADLEY'S PASTORATE

* * *

9:30 a.m.—Dr. Bradley will return to WBKB-TV.....Channel 7

* * *

11:00 a.m.—MORNING SERMON. DR. BRADLEY'S SUBJECT:
"WHEN THE FOG LIFTS"

Director of Music—Frank L. Bennett

Organist—Cathryn Bennett

Dr. Bradley returns from his annual European trip.
Let us fill the church to greet him.
Entire service will be broadcast by WJJD.

* * *

7:30 p.m.—Dr. Bradley will speak at the Willard Memorial Methodist Church, Euclid and Harvard Aves., Oak Park, Illinois.

* * *

Regular Morning Services begin.....Sept. 18, at 11 o'clock
Sunday Evening Services begin.....Nov. 6, at 7 o'clock
Wednesday Evening Book Lectures begin.....Nov. 2, at 8 o'clock

Our Church has many organizations to serve your interests:

A Church Choir, a Men's Club, an Usher's Club, a Woman's Club, a Business Woman's Club, a Channing Club for young adults, Three Intermediate Girl Scout Troops and one Brownie Scout Troop. You do not have to belong to the Church to join or to attend any one of the Church organizations.

Our Church publishes a regular monthly magazine called
"The Liberalist"

The Liberalist

FREEDOM—FELLOWSHIP—CHARACTER

PRESTON BRADLEY, LL.D., D.D. ..... Editor
GRACE THAYER BRADLEY ..... In Memoriam
ETHEL WELLS SMALLEY ..... Assistant to the Editor
MAY H. HARRISON ..... Business Manager

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EDITORIAL

DID you ever stop to think about the cost of living spiritually? Can you afford, for instance, to pay the price for hate? Do you know what hate does to your own body? Do you know the inevitable chemical reactions that set up within your own veins and arteries when you persistently nourish hatred toward anyone or anything? You can't afford to hate. In determining the cost of living in your spiritual well-being, hate is too expensive. Hate will demoralize and disintegrate and destroy you, and hate will create a sympathetic environment for every virus and every disease known to man! You can't afford, if you would maintain the equilibrium and the well-being of life, so that you can function physically and buoyantly and strongly and beautifully—you can't afford to hate.

I am asking you to see what you can afford in living life with your spiritual and intellectual equipment. What about that? What are you spending in the *spiritual* realm of life? How are your friends contributing to your basic wealth? Have you the kind of friends you can afford? What are your friends doing to the sum-total of your spiritual capital?

What about your business practices? Can you afford what your business conduct may be doing to you? What about the day of reckoning?

Can you afford your habits? What are your habits doing that you may think of as luxury? Will it bankrupt the spiritual equipment of your soul?

What does it cost you to live? Not food, not rent, but in the great spiritual values of life? *There* is where we should be making our budget. Are you exposing yourself to the best there is, to the highest and most sublime moment of life? Are you still sensitive to spiritual beauty? Have you become so satiated with the physical responses and the saturation of the gutter that the beauty of the spiritual is no longer discernible? Then whatever your success financially in life; whatever your social position might be; whatever check you might be able to write, you can't afford it! Though you might afford it by the standards of men, you can't afford it by the standards of God. You can't impoverish your soul with ignorance and with drinking and narcotics and lust, and all the other tragedies of life—you can't afford that.

DOES GOD GET YOU IN TROUBLE?

SERMON BY DR. PRESTON BRADLEY
Pastor of the Peoples Church of Chicago
Sunday, May 22, 1955

IS THERE anyone in the congregation this morning who never had any trouble? If there is, I wish you would hold up your hand—anywhere at all, on the main floor or in the mezzanine or upstairs! Anybody here who never had any trouble? Well, I've looked around all over the congregation this morning and I can't find anybody who has never had any trouble! Now if there's anybody listening on the radio, on WJJD, at this moment, and you are a person who has never had any trouble, will you write me about it this week? You write me all about that experience of never having any trouble, because if you are honest and you tell me that you have never had any trouble, you are the most unusual person alive in the world! There isn't *anybody* else like you on earth, if you've never had any trouble and I want to see you! Don't you fail to come and see me — why, I'll pay your fare into Chicago! I want to meet someone who has never had any trouble, because I've lived a long, long time in this world and I've never seen a person yet who never had any trouble, and I've had plenty of my own! And I would like to know where people get the idea that only a life without trouble is the satisfactory and happy life; that people who never have any trouble are the only happy people! I meet people every day who will say of another: "Oh, they're always happy; they're always fine, everything's always wonderful with them! I don't think they ever had any trouble! They don't know what trouble is!"

I think at a time when everybody is trying to find a "magic formula" to avoid trouble and to overcome the effects of trouble in their own lives, it might be well, for a few minutes, for us to think about this whole question of trouble, because it brings to me one of the greatest challenges that I have in my life and in my ministry! There isn't a day during the week hardly, of my busy life, but what I run into disaster; I run into personal tragedy; I run into heartaches; I see people in tears; I meet people who are disillusioned and unhappy and restless and tense — I meet them *every day* of my life! Going over to Michigan the other day we came upon that frightful, tragic automobile wreck—people wringing their hands in a preventable and useless tragedy, as most of them are! Did you ever stop to think that there aren't any accidents? Well there aren't! You can analyze everything that happens and you can discover, if you analyze it carefully and thoroughly, that there are contributing factors—and those contributing factors are controllable! I could go on and make the whole sermon on that but I'm not going to do it, because that'll be another sermon and we'll save that for another time, if we ever get around to it! You know, I have been known to have a subject and never get around to it! And I have been known to have a subject and use it as a point of departure! But what I'm thinking about for our special intensification this morning is about this "trouble", and here's what people tell me! I had to go into a home not long ago and break the news to a mother that her daughter, beautiful little child, who left her but a little while before, waving her hands

back and carrying her schoolbooks, her golden hair blowing to the breeze, a happy, lovely, little child, and she had bade her mother goodbye and gone on to school, and I had to go and tell that mother that that little daughter was just now a bundle of broken bones and flesh and blood, and dead! And the first thing that mother said to me was this: "Why did God do this?" I've known mothers during these wars that we have been through — and I've lived through four of them — I've had to go to fathers and mothers with an intercepted telegram that brought them the news that some fine son, with nothing but dreams for tomorrow in his heart as he went away, was never coming back and they were never to see him again or hear his voice! I had to tell several mothers that during both World Wars! And the first thing, invariably, that was said was: "Why did God do this?" When we're in trouble and tragedy strikes, our first rebound seems to be: "Why did God do this to me?"

I wonder where people get such an idea! I wonder why they give that idea reality, for it is untrue! My concept of God, as I tried to say in the television program this morning at nine-thirty, my concept of God is not *that* kind of a God! I don't believe that God ever caused one war! Quite the contrary! I am convinced that God hates war! I think that God must recognize that the institution of war is one of the most futile institutions the world has ever had and that, in the aftermath, there is always economic disaster, moral corruption, and a setback to the hopes of men! God never yet caused a war! I think that He hates war with His whole Being! God never caused a flood! Never once! He never caused a drought! Not one! When you get back of the factors that contribute to the disaster of man you will discover that it is man who causes these things and not God; that God never gets anybody into trouble! I have never known one case or one incident where God ever got anybody into trouble! On the contrary! I will show you, out of the experience of my lifetime, myriads of people who got into trouble because they were *without* God! God didn't create the trouble! He never has yet! God is only concerned with the promotion of the perfection of man who was created after His own ideals!

Man was created in the image of God, and God only accepts, endorses and promotes perfection, health, love, beauty, truth, honor, tolerance, friendship — *these* are the faculties of God! God does not hate, condemn, criticize, tear apart, create disaster, bring on unhappiness! No! *We* do! When there were trees in the Upper Mississippi Valley and the potholes were filled with shrubs and growing things and the headwaters of that Mississippi could retain surplus moisture by nature's own law, there were no floods in the Mississippi Valley! Man is now spending millions of dollars in flood-control because man wanted to take millions of dollars of lumber out of the headwaters of the Mississippi! And so those waters now pour unrestricted, uncontrolled by the *natural* processes of creation, and we get the floods in the Lower Mississippi! Don't tell me that God causes floods! He never caused one! Man's stupidity; man's ambition; man's lust for dollars makes the floods! And in that great southwest part of our country, where Nature and God, together, had put sixteen, seventeen inches of grazing turf, the natural habitat of the buffalo and the bison — when the buffalo roamed the prairies there were no deserts and no droughts, and no sandstorms in Chicago! None! We get that because someone sat in an office in some city

somewhere and dreamed of turning into agricultural processes, land that God never intended to grow a grain of wheat or a shock of corn. But man, with his lust for profit, and man with his lust for gold, man went down into the southwest and he upturned the natural grazing land which nature placed there for the bison and the buffalo, and pretty soon the hot winds turned the disturbed soil into increasing desert space, and we have the hot sandstorms! Now the scientific biologists and the botanists of the United States Government are doing what? They are re-seeding the dust bowl area and the stolen grazing lands, they are reseeding them with the *original* plant that is indigenous to that soil! And we're going to solve the problem of the desert and the problem of the dust storms, not by taxing and increasing the burden of the taxpayers of the country, but by getting back to nature, and replanting God's seed where God planted it in the first place! *That's* the kind of thing that controls your life and mine!

We get *into* trouble when we get *out* of harmony with God! And the moment we begin to hate and criticize and despise and put selfish ambition first and pride first; the moment we cultivate envy and jealousy in our hearts, the creative processes of the Divine can no longer function, so we become ill and the body is penalized and the nervous system is wrecked and the shocks come, and when the troubles and the heartaches and the burdens of life come to us we have no equipment with which to meet them because we have no reserve power! And the one thing that trouble does to every life — and well do I know this — is to reveal hidden power which you didn't know you had! And what is that power? The POWER OF GOD!

God is on the side of every lovely, beautiful thing! God wants health and strength and beauty and peace and brotherhood! God is *never* a partner with evil! God is the power that, in every trouble, can make that trouble of use to strengthen and deepen our own spiritual foundation!

* * *

Now, infinite truth, wherever there are troubled hearts and troubled minds, right now, may the presence of God, who brings solution, who brings the answer, dwell everywhere! Amen.

ALONG THE WAY

(*Continued from page* 6)

under Hitler and found asylum in Switzerland. I heard him preach in his own pulpit at Malix an unforgetable sermon last year. After our coffee, and in late afternoon, we left this lovely Alpine village, nestled here, surrounded by 9,000 feet mountains, to go down to Chur, 4,000 feet below us. Churwalden is on a main road leading from Chur and Zurich on the north to St. Moritz and Milan in the south. Albert Schweitzer College has a warm spot in my heart and I hope to come back some day.

15 July

Drove from Chur to Lucerne today by the way of lovely Zug. Why do not more Americans go to Zug? It is one of the loveliest little towns in Switzerland, and by a most bewitching mountain lake, yet I didn't see an American and there are nearly a million in Europe this summer. The most impressive sight in Lucerne is the Lion of Lucerne, carved on the side of a rock from a drawing by the great sculptor, Thorvaldsen. The city has made a shrine for the repose of the spear-pierced lion.

No sculptor has ever captured the agony of suffering and pain as did this artist. You stand in the grotto-like enclosure with awe. Here is art at its greatest! I have seen the Lion of Lucerne many times! It is worth crossing the Atlantic to see. Never go to Europe without going to Switzerland and never go to Switzerland without seeing the Lion of Lucerne! We took a two hour boat trip on lovely Lake Lucerne today —beautiful, of course, but I know another lake many miles away which does not have the overwhelming breathless majesty of snow-clad mountains, but has the great beauty of rolling, pine-covered hills, and most of all— memories! I leave Lucerne tonight for Ostend, Belgium, and then to England.

16 July

Arrived Ostend, Belgium this morning after a restless night on a transcontinental wagonlit car. Took a steamer for Dover, England. Very dense fog, which suggested a sermon subject—the thickest fog I have ever seen. It was a thrilling crossing. We were met at the station in London tonight by the Rev. and Mrs. George Grieve and Mr. Maurice Pocock, a lecturer in Economics at Ealing College, London. The Rev. Mr. Grieve was for many years minister of Highgate Church in London and has preached for me at the Peoples Church in Chicago. He is now lecturing at Ealing College, London. It was good to see my old and dear friends again.

17 July

Preached twice today. Left London this morning and had a fine Sunday morning ride through the English countryside to Oxford. The Rev. Mr. Grieve and his charming wife, Joyce, accompanied me. Rev. Donald remained in London, where he is preaching this morning at Highgate Church. I preached this morning in Manchester College, Oxford, always a great experience for me. The distinguished principal of the College, the Rev. Sidney Spencer, took the service and all I had to do was preach. It is an inspiring and worshipful service. The music is most unusual, for it is under the direction of one of the finest organists in all England, for many years a part of the official life of Manchester College. Prof. Spicer is one of the great musicians of his time. The anthems, the Psalms, the responses, the entire organ part of the service contributes immeasurably to the service. His prelude and postlude were masterly and will live long in my memory. He is as sprightly and youthful as the first time I saw him more than twenty-five years ago. After service we were entertained most graciously by the Principal and his charming wife in the Principal's residence, adjacent to the College, a lovely old home with a peaceful garden and in the midst of 200 years of history.

Principal Spencer has written an interesting book, "The Deep Things of God," which is published by Harpers in America. I hope you will read it. Reluctantly we left the peace and beauty of our host's home and drove back to London, where I preached tonight in the Golder's Green Unitarian Church to a most receptive congregation, which comfortably filled the church, although it was a hot, sultry London night. I forgot to mention that assisting in the service this morning was Prof. Garrard, editor of the Hibbert Journal, and Prof. Short of the Manchester College faculty—both old friends. I was grateful for their presence and the opportunity of seeing them again.

The Rev. Keith C. Treacher, the Minister of All Souls Church, Golder's Green, London, is one of the younger men in the British churches and one

of the most effective. I was deeply impressed with the manner in which he conducted the service when I preached for him last summer. He took the service tonight and created a most worshipful and spiritual setting for the sermon. He is greatly beloved by his congregation and the church is growing. I was happy to renew our friendship and predict for him and the churches under his leadership a continuous growth. The congregation was very responsive tonight and at the tea following the service I had personal contacts with many fine people. I like the idea of the social hour following the service. It is almost a universal custom here. It may not be practical with a congregation as large as ours, but there is much to be said for the method. The Rev. John Kielty, the Secretary of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association, came to the church this evening, after which we went to a Chinese Restaurant in Piccadilly for dinner. The vivacious personality of Mr. Kielty always impresses me as more American-like than English. He is an effective leader in British liberal religion and hopes to visit the United States this year. If he does he has promised to preach for me.

* * *

And now I shall skip from July 14th to August 9th, leaving the events of the intervening days for our October number. Lack of space precludes giving the remainder of the trip here. However, I do want to tell you a bit about the homecoming and must include that in this issue, for I shall be greeting you in person two weeks before the October magazine is published.

* * *

9 August

Chicago and home! We arrived at 1:40 this afternoon. On leaving the train, there came rapidly down the station platform Mrs. Donald and their lovely daughter, Pam, to greet Dr. Donald. There was no one to greet me as June was at the Island 600 miles away and no one knew the train upon which I was arriving. I went right to our home, where Ethel Wells Smalley, my Study Secretary, and Mrs. Mae Duffy, our housekeeper for many years, were waiting. My Study desk was piled high with matters requiring attention. I worked in the Study all the rest of the afternoon until train time. I forgot to mention that our little parakeet, Kevin, was glad to see me too! He fluttered his wings and greeted me in perfect parakeet fashion. At 6:30 tonight I was on a Northwestern train headed for the great North Country, the little Island and those I love.

10 August

June and Ray Landmark, our Island caretaker, were on the platform as I arrived in Duluth this morning at 8:00 o'clock. The warmth of my welcome was the most compensating experience of the entire journey. I could not help but remember other arrivals in past years when those who are no longer here came to Duluth to meet me. Jimmie always brought my little dog Skipper, whose shining black eyes would be looking at me from the auto windows and whose greeting when I entered the car gave evidence of his joy at having me home again. He sleeps today in his Island grave in the place he loved most of all. But all of these memories grow brighter with the years and I am grateful I have them. The kindness and love which surround me now only deepen my gratitude for all I have known and loved. We had a happy breakfast together and then the 100 mile ride through the delightful Minnesota countryside to our dock on the mainland. I looked across the half mile of water to Black Duck Island—it was the most beautiful sight of the

whole journey — home again! As I sailed the "Arden" into our own dock on the Island I said: "I wouldn't trade this Island and this boat for the 'Mauretania' or all of Europe"—a ridiculous statement you will say, but I mean it! I walked around the Island. Every tree, shrub, flower, and bird is precious to me. After an Island dinner we sat on the porch and as night deepened talked about the trip, the church and the future.

I want to get some rest now and be ready for the work ahead. It has been one of the most valuable trips I have ever made. My mind is teeming with ideas and reactions. We are on the threshold of the greatest era in a hundred years. I almost wish church opened tomorrow. I hope I can meet the challenge before me. I shall sleep in my own bed tonight. Oh, what it means to be home!!!

18 August

My 67th birthday! I think I shall begin to count birthdays backward after today. Next year I think I shall call it the 66th, then the 65th, then the 64th. Rather silly idea, you say. Well, I think so too. No, I don't want to go backward. I want to go forward. I am not growing old, I am maturing! If you stop growing then you are old! You are never old till you stop growing. However, if one is at all sensitive, birthdays necessarily have a nostalgic effect.

I had a quiet birthday but a happy one. Yesterday my sister, Mrs. R. V. Judson, her daughter, Mrs. Carl Lind, and her two sons, Preston Bradley Lind and Judson Lind, arrived from Linden, Michigan, to be with us. How glad I was to see them! These, with June's gracious mother, Mrs. Ben Haslet, and Judge and Mrs. Harry Fox, of Janesville, Wisconsin, were our only guests. It was a quiet, happy day—a blend of sunshine and shadow. The mail boat brought yesterday and today myriads of cards, letters and telegrams. After dinner I sat on the porch and opened every one! As I read the kindly messages and looked carefully at the beauty of every card I thought to myself, "Oh fortunate man, to have so many kindly people wishing you well and expressing their love and affection." I was deeply touched and I want each one who remembered me to know how much hearing from you meant.

The weather was delightful — brilliant sunshine, refreshing breeze and a welcome relief to the heat I had found in New York and Chicago. Ray and Myrtle Landmark, who carefully watch over our Island all the year through, were most cooperative in helping to give me such a perfect day. On this day my thoughts are too deep for utterance and there is a sacred place in my heart which can never be revealed—there abide the memories of those I have loved and lost awhile. To my beloved companion of these passing years, my gratitude, my appreciation and my love for her understanding and affection. It is not easy to assume the responsibilities of wifehood with one whose life is never his own but belongs to those he tries to help and serve. June has met every responsibility, and without her life would be difficult. On this my birthday I am grateful to all of my friends on both sides of the Atlantic—to all of my radio listeners—to every reader of *The Liberalist* — to every friend and member of our beloved church—to every one for all you mean to me. In the year ahead may every friendship be strengthened and every bond be tightened. May it be a fine year for us all!

As the Island quieted down for the night and the happy day was coming to a close, across the bay there sounded

the clang of the gong on the mainland dock. Immediately we were all excited as we said to another "Who can that be?" June and I went over in the boat and as we turned the flashlight on the pier saw Mr. Walter Nelson, Superintendent of the Virginia Park System, and his son-in-law, Reynold Leiva, a teacher in the Duluth school system. They had come unavoidably at the late hour to express birthday greetings. We were glad to see them for they are both old and dear friends. It was Mr. Nelson who was so helpful to Jimmie on that sad day when he was taken to the Virginia Hospital. It was he who sought blood donors during the day. His friendship for my family was very deep. It was Walt Nelson with whom I talked from Chicago just after the tragic news had come so unexpectedly to me from the Hospital. It was he who took charge in Virginia and it was to his home in Olcott Park I went on the Sunday morning when I went to bring Jimmie home. He and his family have spent many birthdays on the Island. We were most grateful for his coming. We went over to the Island, ate birthday cake and had coffee, visiting until midnight. It seemed like an appropriate conclusion for the day, that Walter Nelson and Reynold should come to see us. As we took them back to the mainland in the final hour of this day, the midnight sky was spangled with a million flickering stars, the lake was calm, the night was serene and my heart felt a strange blending of mirth and tears!

And now tomorrow begins a new year in my life!

BOOK CHATS

R. V. C. BODLEY has written seven biographies, four books of fiction, six books of travel and recently, Little, Brown & Company have published his latest book, *In Search of Serenity*.

The author, Mr. Bodley, was educated at Eton and at the Royal Military College at Sandhurst, from which he was commissioned in the King's Royal Rifle Corps. He served twelve years in the Army, including a tour of duty in India, the First World War, and an appointment as Military Attaché at the British Embassy in Paris during the 1919 Peace Conference. In Paris, while living the life of a privileged diplomat, he felt that something vital was lacking—something that would give meaning to his existence.

In an attempt to find serenity, he decided to quit the whirling society of London and Paris. He resigned, turned his back on Occidental civilization, and went to seek serenity in the eternal quietude of the Sahara desert. He dwelt for seven years among the nomad Arab tribesmen and lived their simple, primitive life. That life is as unharried and unchanging as the timeless desert itself. He adopted their native dress and wandered about the desert with his flock of sheep.

He learned from the Arabs that man is not made to understand life, but to live it. He observed how their quality of detachment saved them from confusion and anxiety; how that religion was an intimate and integral part of their lives; how they assigned to God a far more important place in their scheme of things than had the Europeans among whom he had lived. They knew when to talk and when to keep silent; never fussed about things over which they had no control; knew the

meaning of humility, and the unimportance of man in the universe. He found that one must learn to be serene just as one must learn anything else worthwhile.

He moved on to Asia, continuing his travels there for five years, working as a journalist, teaching at a Japanese University in Tokyo, making two trips to the then unknown Micronesian Islands of the Pacific, where he was shipwrecked on Yap. Then he traveled to the United States, and quite inadvertently found himself writing screen plays for motion picture studios in Hollywood. World War II drew him back to England, and he now divides his time between England and the United States. He recently wrote *The Warrior Saint,* a biography of Charles de Foucald.

Whether you worry about your work, about illness or insomnia, about your social standing, what other people may think of you, your own importance, about love or marriage, about the past or the future, about financial problems, death and the world to come, Mr. Bodley says worrying is a waste of energy, which lowers your vitality and decreases your efficiency. It causes tiredness, ill-humor and insomnia, leads nowhere and does nobody any good.

His book *In Search of Serenity,* tells what he learned, not only from the Arabs, but from his studies of what wise men through the ages have written of their own experience in the quest for tranquillity. The book helps you to banish fear and anxiety and to lead a healthier and happier life, and achieve the state of serenity which spells peace of mind.

The book is dedicated to the author's mother, "whose encouragement when I was very young led me to become a writer." In an introduction the author tells us the book is not for those who have discovered "truth," or who feel they are sufficiently enlightened to conduct their lives harmoniously; that although he found serenity initially among the nomad Arabs who pasture their sheep on the arid uplands of the Sahara, this is not to suggest that Serenity can be acquired by merely going to live away from towns and human beings. Though that will help, it will not automatically and miraculously give one relief from the trials which are the inevitable lot of men. "Though you may cross vast spaces of seas and though lands and cities are left astern, your faults will follow you wheresoever you travel." Seneca.

"What the Sahara did give me were the formulas for a serene approach to life and the foundations on which to build happiness, and that is a great deal. But it was not until much later that I reaped the full benefit of those seven years in the desert and appreciated that, above all, I had been able to see myself as I really was and understand that true Serenity comes from one's deep, unexplainable inner being.

"For this reason I believe that anyone who sincerely wants to find what I did can do so by conscientiously following the elementary principles which I am going to set down on these pages, without necessarily leaving his home in the process.

"There are numbers of quotations in this book from the writings and sayings of great thinkers, which have been inserted to show that everything I advocate in these pages is as old as reason. Neither race, nor creed, nor time alters the ideals which so many have preached and so few have observed."

Mr. Bodley believes that the complaint that peace of mind and the rush of modern civilization are incompatible is no more than an evasion by those who will not take the trouble to delve

into themselves and discover what constitutes this means of meeting problems. It is the indolent attitude of those who want something without working to get it; that until we "can meet with triumph and disaster and treat those two imposters just the same" there is little chance that we will achieve anything approaching spiritual Serenity. It is especially hard for those young in years to appreciate this.

On a flyleaf of the book are quotations from Gautama Buddha, from Jesus, from Mohammed and from George de Santayana.

When Mr. Bodley first attempted to impart to others what he had originally learned from the Arabs and then had put to good account among other peoples, he did it through lectures. At first these were ineffectual because men and women who came to listen could not put themselves in his position or sense the silence of the Sahara or the Serenity of the nomad shepherds. Moreover they felt it was useless to try to gain this kind of peace while living in noisy cities. He then reconstructed his talk so as to forestall the post-lecture questions, the Arabs serving only as an introduction or source of examples. The main body of the lectures dealt with what seemed to be the main causes of worry to the average housewife, student, farmer, artisan or business executive who came to hear him.

This same principle has been used by Mr. Bodley in writing this book, though of course he has gone into much greater detail than could be done in an hour lecture.

"Men might become immortal" declares Mr. Bodley, "if they would understand the deadly properties of worry. . . . Their brains would undoubtedly function more freely if they could be awakened to the futility of fussing. This is no exaggeration. Responsible doctors have told me that worry has been known to cause tooth decay, to bring on diabetes, fabricate gallstones and, of course, develop high blood pressure with consequent heart complications."

To those who imagine that somewhere ahead lies the solution of their troubles and who hopefully say: "When I am thirty, everything will be much simpler!" or "When I am fifty, there won't be anything to bother about. By the time I am sixty, I will have defeated life's problems!" or "In a few years, I'll be the boss; then I won't have to worry about anything any more." To all this the author says:

"The only trouble with this, as with the other hope formulas, is that one never *is* the boss. There is always someone higher up. If it is not a particular man, it will be a group of men or maybe the public or the family or sometimes even one's conscience." He quotes George Bernard Shaw: "The secret of being miserable is to have the leisure to bother about whether you are happy or not."

Two stories given in the early part of the book are interesting. While motoring with a party of Arabs in the Northern Sahara, the car stopped suddenly, the driver left his seat and lifted the hood. "Shaking his head he said, almost to himself:

"Makanch essence!" which means "No more gas!"

"Without comment, my companions climbed out of the car and sat on the desert. For a while no one spoke. Then it began to rain. One of the older men looked at the sky and said fervently:

"Alhamdullah! May God be praised for this rain, it will do great good to our pastures.'

"And another old man chimed in with, 'Alhamdullah! I trust that this rain is falling in the Atlas and will water my brother's crops.'

"But I was not impressed by these pious ejaculations. I was still new to the philosophies of these desert people. I was also wet and cold, so, turning to my friend and host, the Caid Madani, I said to him peevishly:

"Why don't you do something about this driver? *He* knew how far we were going! *He* knew how much gas we needed! It's his fault we're stuck here! Why don't you tell him so?'

"To which, without any change of expression, Madani replied, 'What good will it do?' And then, realizing that I was not convinced, added, 'The next time we go on a trip, I will ascertain that there is enough gas. If, however, I scold this man now as you suggest, it will make *him* uncomfortable, it will make *us* uncomfortable and it will produce no gas. What *good* will it do?'

"To which argument there was, of course, no reasonable reply."

When scoffers tell Mr. Bodley that they will believe him when they see him applying his Arab theories among the tense citizens of the United States, he assures them he is doing it all the time. Here is a recent example.

He had delivered an evening lecture in Walla Walla and had to make Spokane for an afternoon lecture the next day. To reach Spokane it was necessary to go to Wallulah after the Walla Walla engagement and pick up the express from Portland.

He reached Wallulah (a small wooden station and six frame houses) at 11:30 p.m. in damp, cold, midwinter darkness—and found no train. "The official in charge of the windswept junction said that the Spokane express might be in, in a couple of hours, or it might not. He himself had no idea. He would, however, advise the passengers the moment he knew anything."

The fellow passengers began to fuss. The shed-variety waiting room was sparsely furnished with wooden benches. On these the men and women seated themselves "and stared for a while at the red-hot stove with the resignation of criminals waiting to be executed. Then, as if a hidden power had prodded them, they all got up and followed each other to the door of the shed. With the same automatic movements, they opened it and let in a blast of icy wind while they stared silently at the deserted tracks. Then they shut the door and returned to the benches."

Bodley reasoned that even had the consequences of being delayed been disastrous, there was nothing which they could do which fussing or worrying would remedy. As for himself, he would probably miss his lecture.

"After a time I got tired of following the restless peregrination round the waiting room and let my thoughts wander. I remembered nights on the desert when, wrapped in my burnous, I slept on the hard ground as a matter of course. Simultaneously, it occurred to me that my present circumstances were no more uncomfortable than they had been in the Sahara and there was no reason why I should not be resting in the same way now. Furthermore, as on that desert motor trip there had been no gas, so now there was no train, and getting excited over it, *there* or *here,* would produce precisely the same negative results. So, without further thought on the matter, I stretched myself out on the bench, relaxed my body and mind and soon slept.

"When I awoke, rather stiff but quite refreshed, my fellow passengers were still drifting round the waiting room like lost souls in Limbo. I glanced at the clock and saw that it was 6 a.m. There was obviously still no train in the offing, so I went out into the freezing dawn to see if I could find some other conveyance to take me on my way. In this I was successful, and by flagging a bus on the road about a

mile from the station, I made Spokane in sufficient time to deliver my lecture. So everyone concerned was happy and I was not even tired."

There is probably no one in these United States who would not be helped, or at the very least, pleased and entertained by reading this well-written, interesting and helpful book, *In Search of Serenity*. It has many facets and, if the reader is honest, he will find himself in just about every one of them.

The *RADIO* MAIL BAG

By ETHEL WELLS SMALLEY

"THE good, the true, and the beautiful." I quite agree that "the beautiful" belongs in that trilogy. Even when it concerns something quite material, to me there is a spiritual quality about anything beautiful—about beauty itself.

I had this feeling when witnessing a scene in the early part of "Cinerama Holiday." It is the scene where one is in an aeroplane and passing right alongside of the Matterhorn, high over the tops of the highest snow-covered peaks of the Alps, looking down into the depths of the valleys of snow below. I actually drew in a deep breath, in order that I might be able to stand such a vast, breath-taking scene of beauty past all imagining, which had a quality of the grandeur and splendor of vast spaces. To be able to go where one may never be able to go is quite paradoxical, but that is what happens in that early scene of the new "Cinerama."

Do not miss it. To me, this one scene I have tried to describe is quite worth the price of admission. This is not merely because I love Switzerland, I assure you. It is not merely because I love mountains. It is an experience for one who is too timid to fly, to be able to see what one can only see by flying. True, I have been to the Gornergrat in the Alps, near Zermatt, and have looked across at the Matterhorn and have taken a picture of it, and I have talked with those who have climbed the Matterhorn, but here is an opportunity to see what one may see who flies over the tops of the Alps, and alongside the Matterhorn. To miss that opportunity is to miss a thrilling thing. Why should anyone alive miss the thrill of sheer beauty?

No doubt "Cinerama Holiday" will be here a long time. But don't let it go away without your seeing it. Some say one should sit in the center downstairs, but I found a balcony seat fairly near the center quite perfect. One sees "the heart of America" in the views of a small town country Fair in New England in autumn time, with its vivid colorings. There are scenes of cattle on the Western plains; there is ice-skating at St. Moritz, and skiing that is exhilarating, as one glides among the skiers — and a bobsled ride where the viewer is on the bobsled. There are parties and shows and nightclubs. It is a two-weeks' vacation all in about a couple of hours. I have been twice and I'm quite sure I shall go again. It is a wonderful treat to give a friend who may be visiting Chicago. I just feel that I must tell everyone about it.

And now, what's in the Mail Bag?

Dear Dr. Bradley:

My wife Ruth and I regret that we were unable to attend your service last Sunday. However, we did listen to you over our car radio, and during the moments of silent prayer we pulled off the road.

It takes real courage to be constructively critical, as you were, of a popular man and his thinking. Your public analysis of the distinction between "Positive Thinking" and "Right Thinking" is a very important contribution to people's achieving happiness.

Through good books such as "As A Man Thinketh" by James Allen, thinking men like Earl Nightingale, and through you, we now subscribe to your principle that "A man is literally WHAT HE THINKS, his character being the complete sum of all his thoughts."

Dr. Bradley, we are very fortunate to have you, who are so well qualified, by both intellect and experience to direct our church and through it our personal lives.

Most sincerely yours,
Arthur J. Wetle,
Member Peoples Church

* * *

Dear Dr. Bradley:

I wish to thank you for your radio service this morning. From your first words on Peter's letter, to your closing prayer, you were in "rare form"—not quite as august as usual—but so clear and helpful in a personal way. As a public school teacher, I consider your remarks on child psychology rare gems.

Many, many more years of such useful service to you!

Sincerely yours,
Laconia M. Wilson.

* * *

Dear Dr Bradley: Easter Morning

It is a beautiful day here in the country and the morning is made more impressive by your wonderful sermon just concluded.

The music of your choir was most inspiring, and beautifully rendered, and just made one want to live.

As you said, the sunrise was beautiful, but your sermon to me warned that it is not always that way, for dark Fridays are all about us unless the spirit of Easter prevail. I do hope those words will never be forgotten by those hearing them.

I enjoyed so much our brief meeting in the C. & N. W. Ry. Depot recently. I hope your trip to South America was a pleasant one for you, as you were looking forward to it with such anticipation.

I shall not be the farthest-away listener, but surely none can have greater appreciation for your many sermons and encouraging remarks.

Enclosed is a contribution and I hope you have the greatest response to your appeal that you have ever enjoyed. You are so deserving and truly worthy of it.

Again I want to extend to you a most cordial invitation to visit in our home whenever you may be in the area. We reside on a farm in an old but modernized home on Highway No. 53, just north of No. 14. I give the description so it can easily be identified. Can guarantee you one of the coolest spots in Chicago territory when the weather is really warm.

With kind personal regards and best of good wishes to you, I remain

Sincerely yours,
R. L. Frech

* * *

Dear Dr. Bradley:

This will, without doubt, be a surprise to you to hear from me down here in Florida. Well, I, too, had a surprise last Saturday, when the mailman left

in our box a package sent out from Marshall Field & Co. and containing a copy of your very latest book, "Happiness Through Creative Living."

The book was sent to me by my daughter Thelma, who is the wife of Dr. Warren V. Morris, of Monticello, Indiana, and who, on a shopping trip to Chicago the first of this month secured a copy of your book, planning to send it on to me here, but upon looking through it decided to keep it for her own personal use and have Marshall Field's send one on to me later.

Perhaps just receiving the book in itself wasn't too much of a surprise, but as I started reading the Foreword, then the Introduction, it was then the surprise came—To be sure I do have some of your other books and like each one, but this one is for me beyond them all, for it is a book to be studied and not to just read and put it down.

The last time I had the opportunity of speaking to you or seeing you was when Mrs. Lare and I bade you and Mrs. Bradley goodbye as we were leaving Black Duck Island after a lovely, although short, visit the summer of 1940. Yet we have not forgotten you, not by any means, even though it has not been possible to get to come to the Peoples Church to greet you personally.

For the past dozen winters I have been spending that season here in St. Petersburg, but 'tis only the past two winters that Mrs. Lare has joined me here because she was employed until she reached the retirement age.

We are both getting along fine—in fact, Mrs. L. is well, strong and busy most of the time. As for myself am truly thankful that I can get about as well as I do. Am able to look after myself and attend, as often as is possible, some of the many churches here in St. Petersburg. Seldom miss the morning service at the United Liberal Church, of which Rev. Ernest T. Marble is the Minister. Also am active in the Men's Club of that church.

Our mutual friend, L. P. Putney of Kalamazoo, Michigan, just left for home the past week, but we plan to remain a couple of months longer.

Wishing for you the best of everything for that is the thing you are always trying to bring to others,

Sincerely and gratefully yours,

Ira R. Lare.

* * *

The following is an interesting letter from one whose name we will not give:

My dear Reverend:

Enclosed find an overdue contribution for your church. I say overdue because it should have been an Easter contribution. I would like to have you send me a year's supply of weekly church envelopes. I'm going to try and see if I can't send a weekly contribution of $1.00 (and until I catch up currently two envelopes) so as to end up this year with at least 52 $1.00 contributions.

I'm doing this because of the help you inspired in me about three years ago when I was a drunken wreck after about a month of continuous drinking. Your sermon hit upon an individual whose life was at its lowest and when strength and courage were at their lowest also.

It sure didn't seem to me then that I could clean up my debts, get back working and build a house with my own hands; but that's what you said I could do, and I did it. No, I've still got a lot to do on the house, but I dug out the foundation, laid and mixed the concrete support for 600 cement blocks, laid the blocks, and at this writing am about to put up the shell, which I hope to complete sometime in July.

I feel it is no more than right that I should tell you this, because of the

many hours of your life that you have spent in the service of God and the helping of weary and confused souls to find a way of life. When I complete my home I will send you a picture of same.

Will close now, wishing you the best of health, and God Bless You.

* * *

The next letter is from a psychiatrist who is often recommended to people who ask Dr. Bradley's advice:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

Thank you for sending Mr..... to me. I hope to be of real help to him.

I am glad to see you sticking to the job. I hear you often on the TV and enjoy it just as much as I did the first time I met you these many years ago at Sheridan and Wilson when I talked in your church, and, afterwards you told me something of your plans which have since so successfully developed into the Peoples Church. Again thanking you, Sincerely,

William S. Sadler.

* * *

In July, my friend Elfrieda Stewart and I went to visit Mildred Stavers and her mother at their cottage outside of Benton Harbor, near Michigan Beach. It is up on a hill above Lake Michigan, where my Aunt Harriette and I visited three summers ago, and where I watched the wrens bring up their little family. It makes me a bit sad to know that they contemplate selling this delightful summer spot, but as they own a larger place at Pine Lake and have just bought a home in St. Petersburg, Florida, the Michigan Beach home makes just one too many. It has been modernized and improved until it is a very desirable little summer home for a couple who like to be handy to Chicago, and were I in a position to do so, I would become its next owner.

While Elfrieda and I were there we became greatly interested in the birds who daily visited the bird bath and the Tulip tree, and in a letter of recent date Mrs. Stavers tells me:

"At twilight last evening we said, 'Oh, if Ethel and Elfrieda were only here.' Mama Cardinal and her brood came for food, near the Mulberry tree —stayed about ten minutes, and the opera glasses were in constant use. I am writing on the porch and Papa Cardinal has been eating his sunflower seeds right by the bird bath and is so tame now that our walking about the porch does not disturb him. The cat bird comes right up to the front steps, and we heard the little wrens peeping in their house on the Tulip Tree, and Papa and Mama Wren are so busy feeding them. We spend much of our time watching their antics.

"This morning we went to the Retz farm where you used to get wood, picked our lovely Montmorency cherries (three quarts), picked two quarts of strawberries (they are about gone), picked a quart of blueberries, and pulled a big bunch of Strawberry rhubarb. We stopped at Catell's (the cheese place) for they had red raspberries, so we won't want for fruit the rest of the week.

"I do so enjoy the Liberalists and always pass mine on to a friend."

I quoted from this letter from Mrs. Emma Stavers, for it gives a delightful breath of the country to freshen up these hot city days. Summer will soon be gone, our vacations are all too short, so anything that tells us of the delights of the country either by words or pictures, while we are city-bound, is like a breath of fresh air blown through the streets. And Michigan is such a delightful state in summertime.

KEEP - ON - THE - BEAM!

THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

941 Lawrence Avenue

Sunday School—Mrs. Carl Swanson, Superintendent
Gregg Carter, Director Religious Education
(Opens the third Sunday in September.....9:30 a.m.

Sunday Morning Service, Broadcast by WJJD (Opens the third Sunday in September. Daylight Savings has been extended through the last Sunday in October).....11:00 to 12:00 noon

Summer Broadcast by electrical transcription by WJJD.....11:00-11:15 a.m.

Sunday Evening Service (From the first Sunday in November until Easter).....7:00 p.m.

Wednesday Evening Book Lectures (From the first Wednesday in November until the Wednesday of Holy Week).....8:00 p.m.

Woman's Club—Opening Luncheon, Monday, Sept. 26, 12:30 noon, Belmont Hotel, 3172 N. Sheridan Road. Dr. Bradley, Guest Speaker. Make reservations with Church Office, LOngbeach 1-6878.

Men's Club—Opening meeting, fourth Tuesday, September 27th, 8:00 p.m., Anderson Hall, Peoples Church. Dr. Bradley, Guest Speaker. Harlow D. Stevens, President, presiding.

Professional and Business Woman's Club, Opening Meeting, Tuesday, Sept. 20th, 7:30 p.m., Anderson Hall. Dr. Bradley, Guest Speaker.

The Uptown Players, J. Bradley-Griffin, Founder-Director, *In Memoriam*

Channing Club, 1st and 3rd Sundays, during Church Season, Anderson Hall..... 8:00 p.m.

Choir Rehearsals, Every Thursday. New Members Welcomed..... 8.00 p.m.

Usher's Club—Secretary, Harold E. Hansen, EDgewater 4-5998.

Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 187, every Thursday, Anderson Hall..... 7:00 p.m.

Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 301, every Thursday, Anderson Hall..... 3:30 p.m.

Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 860, every Friday, Anderson Hall..... 3:30 p.m.

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